



from advin del.

Walker sc.

MR REDDISH in the Character of ALONZO.

O'er Amaranths! ye Roses, like the Morn



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THE
R E V E N G E.

A
T R A G E D Y.

WRITTEN BY
E. Y O U N G, LL.D.

Marked with the Variations in the

M A N A G E R's B O O K,

A T T H E

Theatre - Royal in Drury-Lane.

- L O N D O N :

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☞ The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatre, are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas; as in Line 29 to 31 in Page 7.

P R O L O G U E.

OFT has the buskin'd muse, with action mean,
 Debas'd the glory of the tragie scene :
 While puny villains, drest in purple pride,
 With crimes obscene the Heaven-born rage belied.

To her belongs to mourn the hero's fate,
 To trace the errors of the wise and great ;
 To mark th' excess of passions too refin'd,
 And paint the tumults of a god-like mind ;
 Where, mixt with rage, exalted thoughts combine,
 And darkest deeds with beauteous colours shine.

Such lights and shades in a well mingled draught,
 By curious touch of artful pencils wrought,
 With soft deceit amuse the doubtful eye,
 Pleas'd with the conflict of the various dye.

Thus through the following scenes, with sweet surprize,
 Virtue and guilt in dread confusion rise ;
 And love and hate, at once, and grief and joy,
 Pity and rage, their mingled force employ.

Here the soft virgin sees, with secret shame,
 Her charms excell'd by friendship's purer flame,
 Forced, with reluctant virtue, to approve
 The gen'rous hero who rejects her love.

Behold him there with gloomy passions stain'd,
 A Wife suspected, and an injur'd friend ;
 Yet such the toil where innocence is caught,
 That rash suspicion seems without a fault ;
 We dread a while, lest beauty should succeed,
 And almost wish ev'n virtue's self may bleed.

Mark well the black revenge, the cruel guile,
 The traitor-fiend trampling the lovely spoil
 Of beauty, truth, and innocence oppress'd ;
 Then let the rage of furies fire your breast.

Yet may his mighty wrongs, his just disdain,
 His bleeding country, his lov'd father slain,
 His martial pride, your admiration raise,
 And crown him with involuntary praise.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Don Alonzo, *the Spanish General*,
 Don Carlos, *his Friend*,
 Don Alvarez, *a Courtier*,
 Don Manuel, *Attendant of Don Carlos*,
 Zanga, *a captive Moor*,

AT DRURY-LANE. AT COVENT GARDEN.
 Mr. BRERETON. Mr. WROUGHTON.
 Mr. BARRYMORE. Mr. WHITFIELD.
 Mr. PACKER. Mr. THOMPSON.
 Mr. PHILLIMORE. Mr. DAVIES.
 Mr. FARREN. Mr. AICKIN.

W O M E N.

Leonora, *Alvarez's Daughter*,
 Isabella, *the Moor's Mistress*,

Miss E. KEMBLE. Mrs. S. KEMBLE.
 Miss TIDSWELL. Mrs. WHITFIELD.

S C E N E, S P A I N.

THE
R E - V E N G E.
A
T R A G E D Y.

ACT I. SCENE *The Battlements.*

Enter Zanga. *2* [*Thunder and lightening.*]

W H E T H E R first Nature, or long want of
peace,
Has wrought my mind to this, I cannot tell!
But horrors now are not displeasing to me!
I like this rocking of the battlements. *Thunder & L^t*
Rage on ye winds, burst clouds, and waters roar!
You bear a just resemblance of my fortune,
And suit the gloomy habit of my soul.

Enter Isabella. *L*

Who's there? My love!

Isab. Why have you left my bed?
Your absence more affrights me than the storm. *Thunder*

Zan. The dead, alone, in such a night can rest,
And I indulge my meditation here.

Woman, away! I choose to be alone. *X L^t*

Isab. I know you do, and therefore will not leave you;
Excuse me, *Zanga*, therefore dare not leave you,
Is this a night for walks of contemplation?
Something unusual hangs upon your heart,
And I will know it: by our loves I will.

To you I sacrificed my virgin fame;
Ask I too much to share in your distress?

Zan. In tears? Thou fool! then hear me, and be
plung'd

In hell's abyss, if ever it escape thee
To strike thee with astonishment at once,
I hate *Alonzo*. First recover that,
And then thou shalt hear farther.

Isab. Hate *Alonzo* !

I own, I thought *Alonzo* most your friend,
And that he lost the master in that name.

Zan. Hear then. 'Tis twice three years since that
great man

(Great let me call him, for he conquer'd me,)
Made me the captive of his arm in fight:
He slew my father, and threw chains o'er me,
While I, with pious rage, pursued revenge:
I then was young, he plac'd me near his person,
And thought me not dishonour'd by his service.
One day (may that returning day be night,
The stain, the curse of each succeeding year !)
For something, or for nothing, in his pride
He struck me. (While I tell it, do I live ?)
He smote me on the cheek.— I did not stab him,
For that were poor revenge.— E'er since, his folly
Has strove to bury it beneath a heap
Of kindnesses, and think it is forgot.
Insolent thought ! and like a second blow !
Affronts are innocent, where men are worthless:
And such alone can wisely drop revenge. * to. 2

Isab. But with more temper, *Zanga*, tell your story:
To see your strong emotions startles me.

Zan. Yes, woman, with the temper that befits it.
Has the dark adder venom ? so have I
When trod upon. Proud *Spaniard*, thou shalt feel me !
For from that day, that day of my dishonour,
I from that day have curs'd the rising sun,
Which never fail'd to tell me of my shame.
I from that day have blest the coming night,
Which promis'd to conceal it ; but in vain ;
The blow return'd for ever in my dream.
Yet on I toil'd, and groan'd for an occasion
Of ample vengeance ; none is yet arriv'd.
Howe'er at present I conceive warm hopes.
Of what may wound him sore in his ambition,
Life of his life, and dearer than his soul.
By nightly march he purpos'd to surprise
The *Moorish* camp ; but I have taken care
They shall be ready to receive his favour.
Failing in this, a cast of utmost moment
Would darken all the conquests he has won.

THE REVENGE.

7

Ifab. Just as I enter'd, an express arriv'd.

Zan. To whom?

Ifab. His friend, Don *Carlos*.

Zan. Be propitious,

O *Mahomet*, on this important hour,
And give at length my famish'd soul revenge!
What is revenge, but courage to call in
Our honour's debts, and wisdom to convert
Others' self-love into our own protection?
But see, the morning dawns;
I'll seek, Don *Carlos*, and enquire my fate.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Palace.

Enter Manuel, and Don Carlos.

Man. My lord Don *Carlos*, what brings your express?

Car. *Alonzo's* glory, and the *Moors* defeat.
The field is strew'd with twice ten thousand slain,
Tho' he suspects his measures were betray'd.
He'll soon arrive, O, how I long t' embrace
The first of heroes, and the best of friends! —
I lov'd fair *Leonora* long before
The chance of battle gave me to the *Moors*,
From whom so late *Alonzo* set me free;
And while I groan'd in bondage, I deputed
This great *Alonzo*, whom her father honours,
To be my gentle advocate in love;
To stir her heart, and fan its fires for me.

Man. And what success?

Car. Alas, the cruel maid —
Indeed her father, ' who tho' high at court,
' And powerful with the king, has wealth at heart,
' To heal his devastations from the *Moors*,
Knowing I'm richly freighted from the East,
My fleet now sailing in the sight of *Spain*,
(Heaven guard it safe thro' such a dreadful storm!)
Cares for me, and urges her to wed.

Man. Her aged father, see! leads her this way.

Car. She looks like radiant truth,
Brought forth by the hand of hoary time —
You to the port with speed, 'tis possible

Some vessel is arrived. Heav'n grant it bring
Tidings which *Carlos* may receive with joy!

After Alvarez and Leonora.

Alv. Don *Carlos*, I am labouring in your favour
With all a parent's soft authority,
And earnest counsel.

Car. Angels second you!
For all my bliss or misery hangs on it.

Alv. Daughter, the happiness of life depends
On our discretion, and a prudent choice;

Look into those they call unfortunate,
And closer view'd, you'll find they are unwise:
Some flaw in their own conduct lies beneath,
• And 'tis the trick of fools to save their credit,
• Which brought another language into use.

Don *Carlos* is of an ancient, noble blood,
And then his wealth might mend a prince's fortune,
For him the sun is labouring in the mines,
A faithful slave, and turning earth to gold.
His keels are freighted with that sacred pow'r,
By which ev'n kings and emperors are made.
Sir, you have my good wishes, and I hope
My daughter is not indispos'd to hear you. [To Car.
[Ex. Alv.] R

Car. O *Leonora*! why art thou in tears?
Because I am less wretched than I was?
Before your father gave me leave to woo you,
Hush'd was your bosom, and your eye serene.

Will you for ever help me to new pains,
• And keep reserves of torment in your hand,
• To let them loose on ev'ry dawn of joy?

Leon. Think you my father too indulgent to me,
That he claims no dominion o'er my tears?
A daughter sure may be right dutiful,
Whose tears alone are free from a restraint. —

• *Car.* Ah my torn heart!

• *Leon.* Regard not me, my lord.

• I shall obey my father.

• *Car.* Disobey him,

• Rather than come thus coldly, than come thus

• With absent eyes and alienated mien,

• Suffering address, the victim of my love.

• ~~Let me be undone the common way,~~

• And

And have the common comfort to be pitied,
 And not be ruin'd in the mask of bliss,
 And so be envied, and be wretched too!

Love calls for love. Not all the pride of beauty,
 Those eyes; that tell us what the sun is made of,
 Those lips, whose touch is to be bought with life,
 Those hills of driven snow, which seen are felt;
 All these possiest, are naught, but as they are
 The proof, the substance of an inward passion,
 And the rich plunder of a taken heart.

Leon. Alas! my lord, we are too delicate;
 And when we grasp the happiness we wish'd,
 We call on wit to argue it away:

A plainer man would not feel half your pains:
 But some have too much wisdom to be happy.

Car. Had I known this before, it had been well:
 I had not then solicited your father
 To add to my distress; as you behave,
 Your father's kindness stabs me to the heart.
 Give me your hand——Nay, give it, *Leonora*;
 You give it not——nay, yet you give it not——
 I ravish it.

Leon. I pray, my lord, no more.

Car. Ah, why so sad? You know each sigh does
 shake me;

Sighs there, are tempests here.—
 I've heard, bad men would be unb'est in heaven:
 What is my guilt, that makes me so with you?
 Have I not languish'd prostrate at thy feet?
 Have I not liv'd whole days upon thy sight?
 Have I not seen thee where thou halt not been?
 And, mad with the idea, claspt the wind,
 And doated upon nothing?

Leon. Court me not,
 Good *Carlos*, by recounting of my faults,
 And telling how ungrateful I have been.
 Alas! my lord, if talking would prevail,
 I could suggest much better arguments
 Than those regards you threw away on me;
 Your valour, honour, wisdom, prais'd by all
 But bid physicians talk our veins to temper,
 And with an argument new-set a pulse;
 Then think, my lord, of reasoning into love.

Car. Must I then despair? Do not shake me thus:
 My tempest-beaten heart is cold to death.
 Ah! turn, and let me warm me in thy beauties.
 Heavens! what a proof I gave but two nights past
 Of matchless love! To fling me at thy feet,
 I slighted friendship, and I flew from fame;
 Nor heard the summons of the next day's battle:
 But darting headlong to thy arms, I left
 The promis'd fight, I left *Alonzo* too
 To stand the war, and quell a world alone. [*Trumpets.*]

Leon. The victor comes, my lord, I must withdraw.

Car. And must you go?

Leon. Why should you wish my stay?
 Your friend's arrival will bring comfort to you,
 My presence none; it pains you and myself:
 For both our sakes permit me to withdraw. [*Ex. Leon.*]
~~*Car.* Sure, there's no peril but in love. O how~~
~~*My foes would boast to see me look so pale!*~~

Enter Alonzo.

Alonzo!

Alon. *Carlos!* — I am whole again;
 Clasp't in thy arms, it makes my heart entire.

Car. Whom dare I thus embrace? the conqueror
 Of *Africa*?

Alon. Yes, much more, *Don Carlos'* friend.
 The conquest of the world would cost me dear,
 Should it beget one thought of distance in thee.
 I rise in virtues to come nearer thee.
 I conquer with *Don Carlos* in my eye,
 And thus I claim my victory's reward. [*Embracing him.*]

Car. A victory indeed! your godlike arm
 Has made one spot the grave of *Africa*,
 Such numbers fell! and the survivors fled
 As frightened passengers from off the strand,
 When the tempestuous sea comes roaring on them.

Alon. 'Twas *Carlos* conquer'd, 'twas his cruel chains
 Inflam'd me to a rage unknown before,
 And threw my former actions far behind.

Car. I love fair *Leonora*. How I love her!
 Yet still I find (I know not how it is)
 Another heart, another soul for thee.
 Thy friendship warms, it raises, it transports

Like music, pure the joy, without alloy,
Whose very rapture is tranquility :
But love, like wine, gives a tumultuous bliss,
Heighten'd indeed beyond all mortal pleasures,
But mingles pangs and madness in the bowl.

Enter Zanga. L H

Zan. Manuel, my lord, returning from the port,
On business both of moment and of haste,
Humbly begs leave to speak in private with you.

Car. In private ? — Ha ! — *Alonzo*, I'll return,
No business can detain me longer from thee. [*Ex. Car.*]

Zan. My lord *Alonzo*, I obey'd your orders.

Alon. Will the fair *Leonora* pass this way ?

Zan. She will, my lord, and soon.

Alon. Come near me, *Zanga* ;

For I dare open all my heart to thee.
Never was such a day of triumph known !
There's not a wounded captive in my train,
That slowly follow'd my proud chariot wheels,
With half a life, and beggary, and chains,
But ~~a~~ a god to me : I am most wretched.
In his captivity, thou know'st *Don Carlos*,
My friend (and never was a friend more dear)
Deputed me his advocate in love ;
To talk to *Leonora*'s heart, and make
A tender party in her thoughts for him.
What did I do ? I lov'd myself. Indeed,
One thing there is might lessen my offence,
(If such offence admits of being lessen'd)
I thought him dead ! for (by what fate I know not)
His letters never reach'd me.

Zan. Thanks to *Zanga*,
Who thence contriv'd that evil which has happened, [*Aside.*]

Alon. Ye curs'd of heaven ! I lov'd myself, and now
In a late action, rescued from the *Moors*,
I have brought home my rival in my friend.

Zan. We hear, my lord, that in that action too,
Your interposing arm preserv'd his life.

Alon. I did — with more than the expence of mine ;
For, O ! this day is mention'd for their nuptials,
But see, she comes — I'll take my leave, and die.

Zan. Hadst thou a thousand lives, thy death would

Unhappy fate! My country overcome!
 My fix years hope of vengeance quite expir'd!—
 Would nature were——I will not fall alone:
 But others groans shall tell the world my death.

[*Afide.* *E. 2.*]

Enter Leonora.

Alon. When nature ends with anguish like to this,
 Sinners shall take their last leave of the sun,
 And bid his light adieu.

Leon. The mighty conqueror
 Dismay'd! I thought you gave the foe your sorrows.

Alon. O cruel insult! are those tears your sport,
 Which nothing but a love for you could draw?

Africk I quell'd in hope by that to purchase
 Your leave to fight unscorn'd; but I complain not:
 'Twas but a world, and you are—*Leonora.*

Leon. That passion which you boast of is your guilt,
 A treason to your friend.

~~You think me of my
 To think your crimes as mine, O my lover
Alon. You, madam, ought to thank those crimes you
 blame;~~

~~'Tis they permit you to be thus inhuman,
 Without the excuse both of earth and heaven
 I fondly thought a life might be found
 Farewell for ever—This severe behaviour
 Thus, to my comfort, made it sweet to die.~~

~~*Leon.* Farewell for ever! Sweet to die! O how
 [Afside.]
 Alon. Say, you must not thus excuse
 But bear your guilt at large,~~

Alon. O *Leonora*!

What could I do? In duty to my friend,
 I saw you; and see, is to admire.
 For *Carlos* did I plead, and most sincerely.
 Witness to the thousand agonies it cost me;
 You know it did. I fought but your esteem;
 If that is guilt, an angel had been guilty.

~~I often sigh'd, nay, wept; but could not help it:
 And sure it is no crime to be in pain.
 But great my crime was great, I'm greatly curs'd:
 What would you more? Am I not most undone
 This stage is like stamping on the murder'd
 When life is fled: most barbarous and unjust.~~

Leon.

Leon. If from your guilt none suffer'd but yourself,
It might be so. — Farewell.

[Going:]

Alon. Who suffers with me?

' Leon. Enjoy your ignorance, and let me go.

~~Alon. Alas! what a curse I can feel to know
Since I already know your hate? Your actions
Have long since told me that.~~

' Leon. They flatter'd you.

' Alon. How? flatter'd me!

' Leon. O search in fate no further!

' I hate thee! O Alonzo, how I hate thee!

' Alon. Indeed, and do you weep for hatred too?

' O what a doubtful torment heaves my heart!

' I hope it most—and yet I dread it more.

' Should it be so; should her tears flow from thence

' How would my soul blaze up in extasy!

' Ah, no! how sink into the depth of horrors!

~~' Leon. Why would you force any sin?~~

' Alon. What means these tears!

Leon. I weep by chance, nor have my tears a mean-
ing —

But, O! when first I saw Alonzo's tears,
I knew their meaning well.

[Alonzo falls passionately on his knees, and takes her hand.]

Alon. Heavens! what is this? That excellence for
which

Desire was planted in the heart of man;

~~Virtue's supreme reward on this side heaven;~~

The cordial of my soul! — and this destroys me —

' Indeed, I flatter'd me that thou didst hate.

' Leon. Alonzo, pardon me the injury

' Of loving you. I struggled with my passion,

' And struggled long; let that be some excuse.

' Alon. Unkind! you know I think your love a bless-
ing

' Beyond all human blessings; 'tis the price

' Of sighs and groans, and a whole year of dying.

But, oh! ~~' the curse of curses!~~ — my friend! —

Leon. Alas!

Alon. What says my love? — Speak, Leonora.

Leon. Was it for you, my lord, to be so quick
In finding out objections to our love?

Think

Think you so strong my love, or weak my virtue,
It was unsafe to leave that part to me?

Alon. Is not the day then fix'd for your espousals?

Leon. Indeed, my father once had thought that way,
But marking how the marriage pain'd my heart,
Long he stood doubtful, but at last resolv'd
Your counsel, which determines him in all,
Should finish the debate.

Alon. O agony!

Must I not only lose her, but be made
Myself the instrument? not only die,
But plunge the dagger in my heart myself?

~~This is refining on a subject.~~

Leon. What! do you tremble lest you should be mine?
For what else can you tremble? not for that
My father places in your power to alter.

Alon. What's in my power—O yes, to stab my
friend!

Leon. To stab your friend were barbarous, indeed!
Spare him—and murder me.—~~I own, Alon,~~

~~You may well wonder at such words as these,~~

~~I am not then myself, they fright my nature,~~

~~Great is my fault, but blame not me alone,~~

~~Give him a little blame, who took such pains~~

~~To make me guilty.~~

~~Alon. Torment!~~

[After a pause, Leon. speaks.]

~~Leon. O my shame!~~

~~I see, and see in vain, it is most just.~~

~~Whom women sue, they sue to be denied.~~

~~You hate me, you despise me! you do well;~~

~~For what I've done I hate and fear myself.~~

~~O night, fall on me! I shall blush to death.~~

~~Alon. First, perish all!~~

~~Leon. Say, what have you resolv'd?~~

~~My father comes, what answer will you give him?~~

~~Alon. What answer! let me look upon that face,~~

~~And read it there—Devote thee to another!~~

~~Not to be borne! A second look undoes me.~~

~~Leon. And why undo you? Is it, then, my lord,~~

~~So terrible to yield to your own wishes,~~

~~Because they happen to concur with mine?~~

~~Cruel! to take such pains to win an heart,~~

~~Which you was conscious you must break with parting.~~

THE REVENGE.

15

Alon. No, *Leonora*, I am thine for ever,
[Rans and embraces her]
In sight of *Carlos* — Ha! who's that? my friend?
[Starts wide from her.]

' Alas! I see him pale, I hear his groans?
' He foams, he tears his hair, he raves, he bleeds,
' (I know him by myself) he dies distracted.

' *Leon.* How dreadful to be cut from what we love!

' *Alon.* Ah! speak no more.

' *Leon.* And tied to what we hate!

' *Alon.* Oh!

' *Leon.* Is it possible?

' *Alon.* Death!

' *Leon.* Can you?

' *Alon.* Oh —

' Yes take a limb; but let my virtue 'scape.

' Alas! my soul, this moment I die for thee.

[Breaks away.]

' *Leon.* And are you perjur'd then for virtue's sake?

' How often have you sworn? but go for ever — [Swoons.]

' *Alon.* Heart of my heart, and essence of my joy!

' Where art thou? — Oh, I'm thine, and thine for ever!

' The groans of friendship shall be heard no more.

' For whatsoever crime I can commit,

' I've felt the pains already.'

Leon. Hold, *Alonzo*,

And hear a maid, whom doubly thou hast conquer'd.

I love thy virtue as I love thy person,

And I adore thee for the pains it gave me;

But as I felt the pains, I'll reap the fruit;

I'll shine out in my turn, and sliew the world

Thy great example was not lost upon me.

Be it enough that I have once been guilty;

In sight of such a pattern to persist,

Ill suits a person honour'd with your love.

My other titles to that bliss are weak,

I must deserve it by refusing it.

Thus then I tear me from thy hopes for ever.

Shall I contribute to *Alonzo's* crimes?

No, tho' the life-blood gushes from my heart.

You shall not be ashamed of *Leonora*,

Or that I have been once a villain.

Nay, never think, take heed the bright example

You

~~You lately lent ; O take it while you may,
While I can give it you, and be immortal.~~ [Exit

Alon. She's gone, and I shall see that face no more ;
But pine in absence, and till death adore.
When with cold dew my fainting brow is hung,
And my eyes darken from my fault'ring tongue,
Her name will tremble in a feeble moan,
And love with fate divide my dying groan. [Exit.

A C T II.

Enter Manuel and Zanga. *R*

Zan. I F this be true, I cannot blame your pain
For wretched *Carlos* ; 'tis but humane in you.
But when arriv'd your dismal news ?

Man. This hour,

Zan. What, not a vessel sav'd ?

Man. All, all the ~~flown~~

Devour'd ; and now o'er his late envied fortune
The dolphins bound, and wat'ry mountains roar,
~~Triumphant in his ruin.~~

Zan. Is *Alvarez*

Determin'd to deny his daughter to him ?
That treasure was on shore, must that too join
The common wreck ?

Man. *Alvarez* pleads indeed
That *Leonora*'s heart is disinclin'd,
And pleads that only ; so it was this morning,
When he concurr'd : the tempest broke the match ;
And sunk his favour, when it sunk the gold.
The love of gold is double in his heart,
The vice of age, and of *Alvarez* too.

Zan. How does Don *Carlos* bear it ?

Man. Like a man

Whose heart feels most a human heart can feel,
And reasons best a human head can reason.

Zan. But is he then in absolute despair ?

Man. Never to see his *Leonora* more.

And, quite to quench all future hope, *Alvarez* Urges

Urges *Alonzo* to espouse his daughter
This very day ; for he has learnt their loves.

Zan. Ha ! was not that receiv'd with ecstacy
By *Don Alonzo* ?

Man. Yes, at first ; but soon
A damp came o'er him, it would kill his friend.

Zan. Not if his friend consented ; and since now
He can't himself espouse her——

Man. Yet to ask it
Has something shocking to a generous mind,
At least *Alonzo's* spirit startles at it.
Wide is the distance between our despair,
And giving up a mistress to another.
But I must leave you, *Carlos* wants support
In his severe affliction.

[Exit Manuel. R]

Zan. Ha ! it dawns !——
It rises to me, like a new found world
To mariners long time distress'd at sea,
' Sore from a storm, and all their viands spent !'
Or like the sun just rising out of chaos,
Some dregs of ancient night not quite purg'd off !
But shall I finish it ?—Hoa ! *Isabella* !

Enter *Isabella*.

I thought of dying, better things come forward ;
Vengeance is still alive ; from her dark covert,
With all her snakes erect upon her crest,
She stalks in view, and fires me with her charms.
When, *Isabella*, arriv'd *Don Carlos* here ?

Isab. Two nights ago.

Zan. That was the very night
Before the battle—Memory, set down that ;
It has the essence of the crocodile,
Tho' yet but in the shell—I'll give it birth——
What time did he return ?

Isab. At midnight.

Zan. So——

Say, did he see that night his *Leonora* ?

Isab. No, my good lord.

Zan. No matter——tell me, woman,
Is not *Alonzo* rather brave than cautious,
Honest than subtle, above fraud himself,
Slow therefore to suspect it in another ?

Isab.

Isab. You best can judge; but so the world thinks of him.

Zan. Why that was well—go fetch my tablets hither.

[Exit *Isab.* R

Two nights ago my father's sacred shade
Thrice stalk'd around my bed, and smil'd upon me;
He smil'd a joy then little understood—
It must be so—and if so, it is vengeance
Worth waking of the dead for.

*Re-enter Isabella with the tablets, Zanga writes, then reads
as to himself.*

Thus it stands—
The father's fixed—Don Carlos cannot wed—
Alonzo may—but that will hurt his friend—
Nor can he ask his leave—or if he did,
He might not gain it—It is hard to give
Our own consent to ills, tho' we must bear them.—
Were it not then a master-piece worth all
The wisdom I can boast, first to persuade
Alonzo to request it of his friend,
His friend to grant—then from that very grant,
The strongest proof of friendship man can give,
(And other motives) to work out a cause
Of jealousy, to rack *Alonzo's* peace?—
I have turn'd o'er the catalogue of woes,
Which sting the heart of man, and find none equal.
It is the *Hydra* of calamities,
The seven-fold death: the jealous are the damn'd.
~~O jealousy, each other passion's slain,~~
To thee, thou conflagration of the soul!
Thou king of torments! thou grand counterpoize
For all the transports beauty can inspire!

Isab. *Alonzo* comes this way.

Zan. Most opportunely.

Withdraw—Ye subtle *Dæmons*, which reside [Ex. *Isab.* R
In courts, and do your work with bows and smiles,
That little engin'ry, more mischievous—
Than fleets and armies, and the cannon's murder,
Teach me to look a lye; give me your maze
Of gloomy thought and intricate design,
To catch the man I hate, and then devour.

Enter

THE REVENGE.

19

Enter Alonzo.

My lord, I give you joy.

Alon. Of what, good *Zanga*?

Zan. Is not the lovely *Leonora* yours?

Alon. What will become of *Carlos*?

Zan. He's your friend;

And since he can't espouse the fair himself,
Will take some comfort from *Alonzo's* fortune.

Alon. Alas! thou little know'st the force of love;
Love reigns a sultan with unrivall'd sway,
Puts all relations, friendship's self to death,
If once he's jealous of it. I love *Carlos*,
Yet well I know what pangs I felt this morning
At his intended nuptials. For myself
I then felt pains which now for him I feel.

Zan. You will not wed her then?

Alon. Not instantly:

Insult his broken heart the very moment!

Zan. I understand you: but you'll wed hereafter,
When your friend's gone, and his first pain assuaged?

Alon. Am I to blame for that?

Zan. My lord, I love

Your very errors, they are born from virtue.
Your friendship (and what nobler passion claims
The heart?) does lead you blind fold to your ruin,
Consider, wherefore did *Alvarez* break
Don *Carlos'* match, and wherefore urge *Alonzo's*?
'Twas the same cause, the love of wealth: to-morrow
May see *Alonzo* in Don *Carlos'* fortune:
A higher bidder is a better friend,
And there are princes sigh for *Leonora*.
When you friend's gone, you'll wed; why then the
cause

Which gives you *Leonora* now will cease;
Carlos has lost her: should you lose her too,
Why then you heap new torments on your friend,
By that respect which labour'd to relieve him——

'Tis well he is disturb'd, it makes him pause. [*Aside.*]

Alon. Think'st thou, my *Zanga*, should I ask Don
Carlos,

His goodness would consent that I should wed her?

Zan. I know it would.

Alon.

Alon. But then the cruelty
To ask it, and for me to ask it of him !
Zan. Methinks, you are not severe upon your friend.
Who was it gave him liberty and life ?

Alon. That is the very reason which forbids it.
Were I a stranger, I could freely speak :
In me, it so resembles a demand,
Exact'g of a debt, it shocks my nature.

Zan. My lord, you know the sad alternative.
Is *Leonara* worth one pang, or not ?
~~It hurts not me, my lord, but as I love you :~~
Warmly as you I wish *Don Carlos* well ;
But I am likewise *Don Alonzo's* friend :
There all the difference lies between us ~~too~~ *two*
In me, my lord, you hear another self ;
And give me leave to add, a better too,
Clear'd from those errors, which, tho' caus'd by virtue,
Are such as may hereafter give you pain. —

Don Lopez of Castile would not demur thus.

Alon. Perish the name ! what ! sacrifice the fair
To age and illness, because set in gold ?
I'll to *Don Carlos*, if my heart will let me.
I have not seen him since his sore affliction ;
~~But should it, as too terrible to bear.~~

How shall I bear it now ? I'm struck already. [*Ex. Alon.*]

Zan. Half of my work is done. I must secure
Don Carlos, ere *Alonzo* speaks with him.

[*He gives a message to a servant, then returns.*]

Proud, hated *Spain* ! oft drench'd in *Moorish* blood ;
Dost thou feel a deadly foe within thee ?

Shake not the tow'rs where-e'er I pass along,
Conscious of ruin, and their great destroyer ?
Shake to the center, if *Alonzo's* dear.

Look down, O holy Prophet ! see me torture
This Christian Dog, this Infidel, which dares
To smite thy votaries, and spurn thy law,
And yet hopes pleasure from two radiant eyes,
Which look as if they were lighted up for thee !
Shall he enjoy thy paradise below ?

Blast the bold thought, and curse him with her
charms ! —

But see, the melancholy lover comes ! [*Zanga Retires.*
Enter

Enter Don Carlos. *R*

Car. Hope, thou has told me lies from day to day,
 For more than twenty years. Vile promiser!
 None here are happy but the very fool,
 Or very wise! and I was'nt fool enough
 To smile in vanities, and hug a shadow;
 Nor have I wisdom to elaborate
 An artificial happiness from pains:

Ev'n joys are pains, because they cannot last. [Sigh]
 Yet much is talk'd of bliss; it is the art
 Of such as have the world in their possession,
 To give it a good name, that fools may envy;
 For envy to small minds is flattery.

How many lift the head, look gay, and smile
 Against their consciences? and this we know,
 Yet knowing, disbelieve; and try again
 What we have tried, and struggle with conviction.
 Each new experience gives the former credit;
 And reverend grey threescore is but a voucher
 That thirty told us true.

Zan. My noble Lord,
 I mourn your fate; but are no hopes surviving?

Car. No hopes. *Alvarez* has a heart of steel:
 'Tis fixt, 'tis past, 'tis absolute despair.

Zan. You wanted not to have your heart made tender
 By your own pains to feel a friend's distress.

Car. I understand you well. *Alonzo* loves;
 I pity him.

Zan. I dare be sworn you do.
 Yet he has other thoughts.

Car. What canst thou mean?

Zan. Indeed he has; and fears to ask a favour
 A stranger from a stranger might request;
 What costs you nothing, yet is all to him;
 Nay, what indeed will to your glory add,
 For nothing more than wishing your friend well.

Car. I pray be plain; his happiness is mine.

Zan. He loves to death, but so reveres his friend,
 He can't persuade his heart to wed the maid
 Without your leave, and that he fears to ask.
 In perfect tenderness I urg'd him to it.
 Knowing the deadly sickness of his heart,

Your

Your overflowing goodness to your friend,
Your wisdom, and despair yourself to wed her,
I wrung a promise from him he would try :
And now I come, a mutual friend to both,
Without his privacy, to let you know it,
And to prepare you kindly to receive him.

Car. Ha ! if he weds I am undone, indeed ;
Not Don *Alvarez*' self can then relieve me.

Zan. Alas, my lord ! you know his heart is set
'tis fixt, 'tis past, 'tis absolute despair.

Car. O cruel Heaven ! and is it not enough
That I must never, never see her more !

Say, is it not enough that I must die,
But I must be tormented in the grave ? —

Ask my consent ? — must I then give her to him ?

Lead to the nuptial sheets the blushing maid ?

Oh ! — *Leonora* ! never, never, never !

Zan. A storm of plagues upon him ! he refuses. [*Aside.*

Car. What ! wed her ? — and to-day ?

Zan. To-day, or never.

To-morrow may some wealthier lover bring,
And then *Alonzo* is thrown out, like you ;
Then whom shall he condemn for his misfortune ?
Carlos is an *Alvarez* to his love.

Car. O torment ! Whither shall I turn ?

Zan. To peace.

Car. Which is the way ?

Zan. His happiness is yours,

I dare not disbelieve you.

Car. Kill my friend !

Or worse — alas ! and can there be a worse ? —

A worse there is ; nor can my nature bear it.

Zan. You have convinced me, 'tis a dreadful task.
I find, *Alonzo*'s quitting her this morning,
For *Carlos*' sake, his tenderness to you,
Betray'd me to believe it less severe
Than I perceive it is. —

Car. Thou dost upbraid me.

Zan. No, my good lord ; but since you can't comply,
'Tis my misfortune that I mention'd it ;
For had I not, *Alonzo* would indeed
Have died, as now, but not by your decree.

Car.

Car. By my decree! do I decree his death?
I do—Shall I then send her to his arms?
Oh! which side shall I take? be stab'd or—stab?
'Tis equal death! a choice of agonies!—

~~'Any more, all other agonies are ease~~
~~'To die—O Leonora!—never, never!~~

Go, Zanga, go, defer the dreadful trial,
Tho' but a day, something perchance may happen
To soften all to friendship and to love.
Go, stop my friend; let me not see him now,
But save us from an interview of death.

Zan. My lord, I'm bound in duty to obey you—
If I not bring him, may *Alonzo* prosper. [*Aside. Ex. Zan.*]

Car. What is this world?—Thy school, O misery!
Our only lesson is, to learn to suffer.

And he who knows not that, was born for nothing.

'Tho' deep my pangs, and heavy at my heart,

'My comfort is, each moment takes away

'A grain at least, from the dead load that's on me,

'And gives a nearer prospect of the grave.

But push it most severely—should I live—

Live long—Alas! there is no length in time;

Nor in thy time, O man! What's fourscore years?

Nay, what indeed the age of time itself,

Since cut from out eternity's wide round?

Away, then. To a mind resolv'd, and wise,

There is an impotence in misery,

Which makes me smile, when all its shafts are in me.

Yet, *Leonora*—she can make time long,

Its nature alter, as she alter'd mine.

While in the lustre of her charms I lay,

Whole summer suns roll'd unperceiv'd away;

I years for days, and days for moments told,

And was surpriz'd to hear that I grew old;

Now fate does rigidly its dues regain,

And every moment is an age of pain.

As he is going out, enter Zanga and Alonzo. Zanga
stops Carlos.

Zan. Is this Don *Carlos*? this the boasted friend?

How can you turn your back upon his sadness?

Look on him; and then leave him, if you can.

Whose

' Whose sorrows thus depreſs him? Not his own;

' This moment he could wed, without your leave.'

Car. I cannot yield; nor can I bear his griefs.

Alonzo!

[*Going to him, and taking his hand.*]

Alon. O *Carlos!*

Car. Pray forbear.

Alon. Art thou undone, and ſhall *Alonzo* ſmile?

Alonzo! who perhaps, in ſome degree,

Contributed to cauſe thy dreadful fate?

I was deputed guardian of thy love;

But, oh! I lov'd myſelf. Pour down afflictions

On this devoted head; make me your mark;

And be the world, by my example, taught,

How ſacred it ſhould hold the name of friend.

Car. You charge yourſelf unjuſtly; well I know

' The only cauſe of my ſevere affliction.

' *Alvarez*, curs'd *Alvarez!*—ſo much anguiſh

Felt for ſo ſmall a failure, is one merit

' Which faultleſs virtue wants.' The crime was mine,

Who placed thee there, where only thou could'ſt fail:

Tho' well I knew that dreadful poſt of honour

I gave thee to maintain. Ah! who could bear

Thoſe eyes, unhurt? The wounds myſelf have felt,

(Which wounds alone ſhould cauſe me to condemn thee)

They plead in thy excuſe; for I too grove

To ſhun thoſe fires, and found 'twas not in man.

Alon. You caſt in ſhades the failures of a friend,

And ſoften all; but think not you deceive me:

I know my guilt, and I implore your pardon,

As the ſole glimſe I can obtain of peace.

Car. Pardon for him, who, but this morning, threw

Fair *Leonora* from his heart, all bath'd

In ceſſeleſs tears, and bluſhing with her love!

Who, like a roſe-leaf, wet with morning dew,

Would have ſtuck cloſe, and clung for ever there!

But 'twas in thee, through fondneſs to thy friend,

To ſhut thy boſom againſt ecſtaſies;

For which, whiſt this pulſe beats, it beats to thee;

Whiſt this blood flows, it flows for my *Alonzo*,

And every wiſh is levell'd at thy joy.

Zan. to *Alon.*] My Lord, my Lord, this is your time to ſpeak.

Alon.

THE REVENGE.

25

Alon. to Zan.] Because he's kind? It therefore is the worst;

For tis his kindness which I fear to hurt.

Shall the same moment see him sink in woes,

And me providing for a flood of joys,

Rich in the plunder of his happiness?

No, I may die; but I can never speak.

Car. Now, now it comes! they are concerning it,

The first word strikes me dead——O *Leonora*!

And shall another taste her fragrant breath?

Who knows what after-time may bring to pass?

Fathers may change, and I may wed her still. *[Aside.]*

Alon. to Zan.] Do I not see him quite posselt with anguish,

~~Which, like a demon, writhes him to and fro,~~

And shall I pour in new? No fond desire,

No love; one pang at parting, and farewell.

I have no other love but *Carlos* now.

Car. Alas, my friend! why with such eager grasps

Dost press my hand, and weep upon my cheek?

Alon. If after death our forms (as some believe) *[Aside.]*

Shall be transparent, naked every thought,

And friends meet friends, and read each others hearts,

Thou'lt know, one day, that thou wast held most dear.

Farewell.

Car. *Alonzo*, stay—he cannot speak— *[Holds him.]*

Lest it should grieve me——Shall I be out done,

And lose in glory, as I lose in love?

[Aside.]

I take it much unkindly, my *Alonzo*,

You think so meanly of me, not to speak,

When well I know your heart is near to bursting.

Have you forgot how you have bound me to you?

Your smallest friendship's liberty and life.

Alon. There, there it is, my friend, it cuts me there.

How dreadful is it to a gen'rous mind,

To ask, when sure he cannot be denied!

Car. How greatly thought! In all he tow'rs above me? *[Aside.]*

Then you confess you would ask something of me.

Alon. No, on my soul.

Zan. to Alon.] Then lose her.

Car. Glorious spirit!

Why, what a pang has he run through for this?

By heaven, I envy him his agonies.

• Why was not mine the most illustrious lot,
• Of starting at one action from below,
• And flaming up into consummate greatness?
• Ha!—angels strengthen me—It shall be so—
• ~~I can't want strength—Great actions, once conceived,~~
• ~~Strengthen like wine, and animate the soul,~~
• ~~And call themselves to being—~~ [454] My Alonzo.
Since thy great soul disdains to make request,
Receive with favour that I make to thee.

Alon. What means my Carlos?

Car. Pray observe me well.

Fate and Alvarez tore her from my heart,
And plucking up my love, they had well nigh
Pluck'd up life too, for they were twin'd together.
Of that no more—What now does reason bid?
I cannot wed—Farewell my happiness!
But, O my soul, with care provide for her's!
In life, how weak, how helpless is a woman!
• Soon hurt; in happiness itself unsafe,
• ~~And often wounded while she pleases to be safe;~~
• So properly the object of affliction.
• That heaven is pleas'd to make distress become her,
• And dresses her most amiably in tears.
Take then my heart in dowry with the fair,
Be thou her guardian, and thou must be mine,
Shut out the thousand pressing ills of life,
With thy surrounding arms—Do this, and then
Set down the liberty and life thou gav'st me.
As little things, as essays of thy goodness,
And rudiments of friendship so divine.

Alon. There is a grandeur in thy goodness to me,
Which, with thy foes, would render thee ador'd.

• ~~But have a care, nor think I can be pleas'd~~
• ~~With anything that lays in pains for thee;~~
• ~~Thou dost dissemble, and thy heart's in tears.~~
• ~~Car. My heart's in health; my spirits dance their~~
• ~~rounds~~
• ~~And at my eye pleasure looks out in smiles.~~

Alon. And canst thou, canst thou part with Leonora?

Car. I do not part with her, I give her thee.

Alon. O Carlos!

Car. Don't disturb me, I'm sincere.
• ~~Not is it more than simple justice in me.~~

• This

This morn didst thou teach her for my sake;
 I but perform a virtue learnt from thee;
 Discharge a debt, and pay her to thy wisher.

Alon. Ah! how? — but think not words were ever made

For such occasions. Silence, tears, embraces,
 Are languid eloquence; I'll seek relief
 In absence from the pain of so much goodness,
 There thank the blest above, thy sole superiors,
 Adore, and raise my thoughts of them by thee. *[Exit. I]*

Zan. Thus far success has crown'd my boldest hope.

My next care is to hasten these new nuptials,
 And then my master-works begin to play. *Exit. [Aside.]*

Why was this greatly done, without one sigh *[To Car.]*
 To carry such a glory to its period. *[Exit Zan.]*

Car. Too soon thou praisest me. He's gone, and now
 I must unluice my over-burthen'd heart,
 And let it flow. I would not grieve my friend
 With tears; nor interrupt my great design,
 Great, sure, as ever human breast durst think of.
 But now my sorrows, long with pain suppress'd,
 Burst their confinement with impetuous sway,
 O'er-swell all bounds, and bear e'en life away.
 So, till the day was won, the Greek renown'd
 With anguish wore the arrow in his wound,
 Then drew the shaft from out his tortur'd side,
 Let gush the torrent of his blood, and died. *[Exit.]*

Pictone ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Zanga.

Zan. O JOY, thou welcome stranger! twice three
 years

I have not felt thy vital beam; but now
 It warms my veins, and plays around my heart:
 A fiery instinct lifts me from the ground,
 And could I mount—the spirits numberless
 Of my dear countrymen, which yesterday
 Left their poor bleeding bodies on the field,
 Are all assembled here, and o'er-inform me—

THE REVENGE.

O bridegroom! great indeed thy present bliss;
 Yet ev'n by me unenvied; for be sure
 It is thy last, thy last smile, that which now
 Sits on thy cheek; enjoy it while thou may'st;
 Anguish, and groans, and death bespeak to-morrow.
 My *Isabella*! [Enter *Isabella*.]

Isab. What commands my *Moor*?

Zan. My fair ally! my lovely minister!
 'Twas well *Alvarez*, by my arts impell'd,
 (To plunge Don *Carlos* in the last despair
 And so prevent all future molestation)
 Finish'd the nuptials soon as he resolv'd them;
 This conduct ripen'd all for me, and ruin.
 Scarce had the priest the holy rite perform'd,
 When I by sacred inspiration, forg'd
 That letter, which I trusted to thy hand:
 That letter, which in glowing terms conveys,
 From happy *Carlos* to fair *Leonora*,
 The most profound acknowledgement of heart
 For wondrous transports which he never knew,
 This is a good subservient artifice,
 To aid the nobler workings of my brain.

Isab. I quickly dropt it in the bride's apartment,
 As you commanded.

Zan. With a lucky hand;
 For soon *Alonzo* found it; I observed him
 From out my secret stand. He took it up;
 But scarce was it unfolded to his sight,
 When he, as if an arrow pierc'd his eye,
 Started, and trembling dropt it on the ground.
 Pale and aghast a while my victim stood,
 Disguised a sigh or two, and puff'd them from him;
 Then rubb'd his brow, and took it up again.
 At first he look'd as if he meant to read it;
 But check'd by rising fears, he crush'd it thus,
 And thrust it, like an adder, in his bosom.

Isab. But if he read it not, it cannot sting him,
 At least not mortally

Zan. At first I thought it so;
 But farther thought informs me otherwise,
 And turns this disappointment to account.
 'He more shall credit it because unseen,
 (If 'tis unseen) as thou anon may'st find.

Isab. That would indeed commend my *Zan*'s skill.

Zan. This, *Isabella*, is Don Carlos' picture;
Take it, and so dispose of it, that found,
It may rise up in witness of her love,
Under her pillow, in her cabinet,
Or elsewhere as shall best promote our end.

Ish. I'll weigh it as its consequences requires,
Then do my utmost to deserve your smile.

[Exit. *Isabella*.]

Zan. Is that *Alonzo* prostrate on the ground?—
Now he starts up like flame from sleeping embers,
And wild distraction glares from either eye.
If thus a slight surmise can work his soul,
How will the fulness of the tempest tear him!

Enter *Alonzo*. *Ish.*

Alon. And yet it cannot be—I am deceiv'd—
I injure her; she wears the face of heav'n.

Zan. He doubts.

[Aside.

Alon. I dare not look on this again.
If the first glance, which gave suspicion only,
Had such effect, so smote my heart and brain,
The certainty would dash me all to pieces.
It cannot—Ha! it must, it must be true.

[Starts.

Zan. Hold there, and we succeed. He has descried me.
And (for he knows I love him) will unfold
His aching heart, and rest it on my counsel.
I'll seem to go, to make my stay more sure.

[Aside.

Alon. Hold, Zanga, turn.

Zan. My lord.

Alon. Shut close the door,
That not a spirit find an entrance here.

Zan. My lord's obey'd.

Alon. I see that thou art frightened.
If thou dost love me, I shall fill thy heart
With scorpions stings.

Zan. If I do love, my lord?

Alon. Come near me, let me rest upon thy bosom;
(What pillow like the bosom of a friend?)
For I am sick at heart.

Zan. Speak, sir, O speak,
And take me from the rack.

~~*Alon.* And is there need
Of words! Behold a wonder! See my tears!~~

Zan. I feel them too. Heav'n grant my senses save me!
 ' I rather would lose them, than have this real
 ' *Alon.* Go, take a round thro' all things in thy
 ' thought.
 And find that one; for there is only one
 Which could extort my tears; find that, and tell
 Thyself my misery, and spare me the pain.
 ' *Zan.* Sorrow can think but ill—I am bewilder'd!
 I know not where I am.
 ' *Alon.* Think, think no more,
 It ne'er can enter in an honest heart.
 I'll tell thee then—I cannot—yet I do,
 By wanting force to give it utterance.
 ' *Zan.* Speak, ease your heart; its throbs will break
 ' your bosom.

Alon. I am most happy: mine is victory,
 Mine the king's favour, mine the nation's shout,
 ' And great men make their fortunes of my smiles.
 O curse of curses! in the lap of blessing
 To be most curst;—My *Leonora's* false!

Zan. Save me, my lord!

Alon. My *Leonora's* false! [*Gives him the letter.*]

Zan. Then heav'n has lost its image here on earth.

[*While Zanga reads the letter; he trembles, and shews the utmost concern.*]

Alon. Good natur'd man! he makes my pains his own.
 I durst not read it; but I read it now
 In thy concern.

Zan. Did you read it then?

Alon. Mine eye just touch'd it, and could bear no more.

Zan. Thus perish all that gives *Alonzo* pain!

[*Tears the letter.*]

Alon. Why didst thou tear it?

Zan. Think of it no more,

'Twas your mistake, and groundless are your fears.

Alon. And didst thou tremble then for my mistake?
 Or give the whole contents, or by the pangs
 That feed upon my heart, thy life's in danger.

Zan. Is this *Alonzo's* language to his *Zanga*?
 Draw forth your sword, and find the secret here.
 For whose sake is it, think you, I conceal it?
 Wherefore this rage?—Because I seek your peace?

I have

I have no interest in suppressing it,
 But what good-natur'd tenderness for you
 Obliges me to have. Not mine the heart
 ' That will be rent in two; not mine the fame'
 That will be damn'd, tho' all the world should know it.

Alon. Then my worst fears are true, and life is past.

Zan. What has the rashness of my passion utter'd?
 I know not what; but rage is our distraction,
 And all its words are wind—Yet sure, I think,
 I nothing own'd—but grant I did confess,
 What is a letter? letters may be forg'd.
 For heav'n's sweet sake, my lord, lift up your heart.
 Some foe to your repose——

Alon. So, heaven look on me,
 As I can't find the man I have offended.

Zan. Indeed! [*Aside*].—Our innocence is not our shield;
 They take offence, who have not been offended;
 They seek our ruin too, who speak us fair,
 And death is often ambush'd in their smiles.

' We know not whom we have to fear.' 'Tis certain
 A letter may be forg'd, and in a point
 Of such a dreadful consequence as this,
 One would rely on nought that might be false——
 Think, have you any other cause to doubt her?—
 Away, you can find none. Resume your spirit;
 All's well again.

Alon. O that it were!

Zan. It is;
 For who would credit that, which credited,
 Makes hell superfluous, by superior pains,
 Without such proofs as cannot be withstood?
 Has she not ever been to virtue train'd?
 Is not her fame as spotless as the sun?
 Her sex's envy, and the boast of Spain!

Alon. O Zanga! it is that confounds me most,
 That full in opposition to appearance——

Zan. No more, my lord, for you condemn yourself.
 What is absurdity, but to believe
 Against appearance? You cannot yet, I find,
 Subdue your passion to your better sense;—
 And, truth to tell, it does not much displease me.
 'Tis fit our indiscretions should be check'd
 With some degree of pain.

Alon. What indiscretion?

Zan. Come, you must bear to hear your faults from me.

Had you not sent *Dón Carlos* to the court
The night before the battle, that foul slave,
Who forg'd the senseless scroll which gives you pain,
Had wanted footing for his villainy.

Alon. I sent him not.

Zan. Not send him!—Ha!—That strikes me.
I thought he came on message to the king.

Is there another cause could justify
His shunning danger, and the promis'd fight?

' But I perhaps may think too rigidly;

' So long an absence, and impatient love'—

Alon. In my confusion, that had quite escap'd me.

By heaven, my wounded soul does bleed afresh;

'Tis clear as day—for *Carlos* is so brave,

He lives not but on fame, he hunts for danger,

And is enamour'd of the face of death.

How then could he decline the next day's battle,

But for the transports?—Oh, it must be so—

Inhuman! by the loss of his own honour,

To buy the ruin of his friend!

Zan. You wrong him;

He knew not of your love.

Alon. Ha!

Zan. That stings home.

[*Aside.*

Alon. Indeed, he knew not of my treach'rous love:

Proofs rise on proofs, and still the last the strongest.

' Th' eternal law of things declares it true,

' Which calls for judgments on distinguish'd guilt,

' And loves to make our crime our punishment,'

Love is my torture, love was first my crime;

For she was his, my friend's and he, (O horror!)

Confided all in me. O sacred faith!

How dearly I abide thy violation!

Zan. Were then their loves far gone?

Alon. The father's will

There bore a total sway; and he, as soon

As news arriv'd that *Carlos*' fleet was seen

From off our coast, fir'd with the love of gold,

Determin'd, that the very sun which saw

Carlos' return, should see his daughter wed.

Zan.

Zan. Indeed, my lord; then you must pardon me,
If I presume to mitigate the crime.
Consider strong allurements soften guilt;
Long was his absence, ardent was his love,
At midnight his return, the next day destin'd
For his espousals — 'twas a strong temptation.

Alon. Temptation!

Zan. 'Twas but gaining of one night.

Alon. One night!

Zan. That crime could ne'er return again.

Alon. Again! By heav'n, thou dost insult thy lord.

Temptation! One night gain'd! O stings and death!

And am I then undone? Alas, my *Zanga*!

And dost thou own it too? Deny it still,

And rescue me one moment from distraction.

Zan. My lord, I hope the best.

Alon. False, foolish hope,

'And insolent to me!' Thou know'st it false!

It is as glaring as the noon-tide sun,

Devil! — This morning, after three years coldness,

To rush at once into a passion for me!

'Twas time to feign, 'twas time to get another,

When her first fool was sated with her beauties.

Zan. What says my lord? Did *Leonora* then
Never before disclose her passion for you?

Alon. Never.

Zan. Throughout the whole three years?

Alon. O never! never!

Why, *Zanga*, shouldst thou strive! 'Tis all in vain:

Tho' thy soul labours, it can find no reed

For hope to catch at. Ah! I'm plunging down

Ten thousand thousand fathoms in despair.

Zan. Hold, sir, I'll break your fall — Wave ev'ry fear,

And be a man again — Had he enjoy'd her,

Be most assur'd, he had resign'd her to you

With less reluctance.

Alon. Ha! Resign her to me! —

Resign her! — Who resign'd her; — Double death!

How could I doubt so long? 'My heart is broke.'

First love her to distraction! then resign her!

Zan. But was it not with utmost agony?

Alon. Grant that, he still resign'd her? that's enough.
Would he pluck out his eye to give it me?

Tear out his heart?— She was his heart no more—
Nor was it with reluctance he resign'd her;
By heaven, he ask'd, he courted me to wed.
I thought it strange; 'tis now no longer so.

Zan. Was't his request? Are you right sure of that?—
I fear the letter was not all a tale.

Alon. A tale! There's proof equivalent to fight.

Zan. I should distrust my sight on this occasion.

Alon. And so should I; by heaven, I think I should.
What! *Leonora*, the divine, by whom
We guess'd at angels! Oh! I'm all confusion.

Zan. You now are too much ruffled to think clearly.
Since bliss and horror, life and death hang on it,
Go to your chamber, there maturely weigh
Each circumstance; consider, above all,
That it is jealousy's peculiar nature
To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought
To conjure much, and then to lose its reason
Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd.

Alon. Had I ten thousand lives, I'd give them all
To be deceiv'd. 'I fear 'tis dooms-day with me.'
And yet she seem'd so pure, that I thought heav'n
Borrow'd her form for virtue's self to wear,
To gain her lovers with the sons of men. {*Exit Alonzo.*

Enter Isabella.

Zan. Thus far it works auspiciously. My patient
Thrives underneath my hand in misery.
He's gone to think; that is, to be distracted.

Isab. I overheard your conference, and saw you,
To my amazement, tear the letter.

Zan. There,
There, *Isabella*, I out-did myself.
For tearing it, I not secure it only
In its first force; but superadd a new.
For who can now the character examine
To cause a doubt, much less detect the fraud?
And after tearing it, as loth to shew
The foul contents, if I should swear it now
A forgery, my lord would disbelieve me,
Nay more, would disbelieve the more I swore.
But is the picture happily disposed of?

Isab. It is.

Zan.

Zan. That's well — [*Exit Isabella*] Ah! what is well? O pang to think!

O dire necessity! is this my province?
Whither, my soul, ah! whither art thou sunk
Beneath thy sphere? Ere while, far, far above
Such little arts, dissembling, falsehoods, frauds,
The trash of villainy itself, which falls
To cowards and poor wretches wanting bread.
Does this become a soldier? This become
Whom armies follow'd, and a people lov'd?
My martial glory withers at the thought.
But great my end; and since there are no other,
These means are just, they shine with borrow'd light,
Illustrious from the purpose they pursue.

And greater sure my merit, who to gain
A point sublime, can such a task sustain;
To wade thro' ways obscene, my honour bend,
And shock my nature, to attend my end.
Late time shall wonder; that my joys will rise;
For wonder is involuntary praise. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Alonzo and Zanga.

Alon. O H, what a pain to think! when every thought
Perplexing thought, in intricacies runs,
And reason knits th' inextricable toil,
In which herself is taken!

I am lost,
Poor insect that I am, I am involv'd,
And buried in the web myself have wrought!
One argument is balanc'd by another,
And reason meets in doubtful fight,
And proofs are countermin'd by equal proofs.

No more I'll bear this battle of the mind,
This inward anarchy; but find my wife,
And to her trembling heart presenting death,
Force all the secret from her.

Zan. O forbear!
You totter on the very brink of ruin.

Alon. What dost thou mean?

Zan. That will discover all,
And kill my hopes. What can I think or do? [*Aside.*

Alon. What dost thou murmur?

Zan. Force the secret from her!
What's perjury to such a crime as this?
Will she confess it then? O groundless hope!
But rest assur'd, she'll make this accusation,
Or false or true, your ruin with the king;
Such is her father's power.

Alon. No more, I care not;
Rather than groan beneath this load, I'll die.

Zan. But for what better will you change this load?
Grant you should know it, would not that be worse?

Alon. No, it would cure me of my mortal pangs
By hatred and contempt I should despise her,
And all my love-bred agonies would vanish.

Zan. Ah! were I sure of that, my lord—

Alon. What then?

Zan. You should not hazard life to gain the secret.

Alon. What dost thou mean? Thou know'st I'm on
the rack.

I'll not be play'd with; speak, if thou hast ought,
Or I this instant fly to *Leonora*.

Zan. That is to death. My lord, I am not yet
Quite so far gone in guilt to suffer it.
Tho' gone too far, heaven knows,—'Tis I am guilty—
I have took pains, as you I know observ'd,
To hinder you from diving in the secret,
And turn'd aside your thoughts from the detection.

Alon. Thou dost confound me.

Zan. I confound myself;
And frankly own it, though to my shame I own it;
Nought but your life in danger could have torn
The secret out, and made me own my crime.

Alon. Speak quickly; *Zan.* speak.

Zan. Not yet, dread Sir:

First I must be assur'd, that if you find
The fair one guilty, scorn, as you assur'd me,
Shall conquer love and rage, and heal your soul.

Alon. Oh! 'twill by heav'n.

Zan. Alas! I fear it much,
And scarce can hope so far; but I of this

Exact your solemn oath, that you'll abstain
From all self-violence, and save my lord.

Alon. I trebly swear.

Zan. You'll bear it like a man?

Alon. A god.

Zan. Such have you been to me, these tears confess it,
And pour'd forth miracles of kindness on me:
And what amends is now within my power,
But to confess, expose myself to justice,
And as a blessing claim my punishment?
Know then, Don Carlos—

Alon. Oh!

Zan. You cannot bear it,

Alon. Go on, I'll have it, tho' it blast mankind!
I'll have it all, and instantly, Go on.

Zan. Don Carlos did return at dead of night—

Enter Leonora.

Leon. My lord Alonzo, you are absent from us,
And quite undo your joy.

Alon. I'll come, my love:

' Be not our friends deserted by us both?

' I'll follow you this moment.

Leon. My good lord,

' I do observe severity of thought

' Upon your brow. Aught hear you from the Moors?

Alon. No, my delight.

' *Leon.* What then employ'd your mind?

' *Alon.* Thou love, and only thou; so heav'n befriend
' me.

' As other thought can find no entrance here.

' *Leon.* How good in you, my lord, whom nations
' cares

' Solicit, and a world in arms obeys,

' To drop one thought on me?

' [*He shews the utmost impatience.*

' *Alon.* Dost thou then prize it?

' *Leon.* Do you then ask it?

' *Alon.* Know then to thy comfort

' Thou hast me all, my throbbing heart is full

' With thee alone, I've thought of nothing else;

' Nor shall, I from my soul believe, till death.

' My

My life, our friends expect thee.

Leon. ~~Kobey.~~

[*Ex. Leon.*]

Alon. Is that the face of curst hypocrisy?

If she is guilty, stars are made of darkness,

And beauty shall no more belong to heav'n —

~~Don Carlos did return at dead at night~~

Proceed, good Zanga, so thy tale began.

~~Zan. Don Carlos did return at dead of night;~~

That night, by chance (ill chance for me!) did I

Command the watch that guards the palace gate.

He told me he had letters for the king,

Dispatch'd from you.

Alon. The villain lied!

Zan. My lord,

I pray forbear — Transported at his sight,

After so long a bondage, and your friend,

(Who could suspect him of an artifice?)

No farther I enquir'd, but let him pass,

False to my trust, at least imprudent in it.

Our watch reliev'd, I went into the garden,

As is my custom, when the night's serene,

And took a moon-light walk: when soon I heard

A rustling in an arbour that was near me.

I saw two lovers in each other's arms,

Embracing and embrac'd. Anon the man

Arose, and falling back some paces from her,

Gaz'd ardently awhile, then rush'd at once,

And throwing all himself into her bosom,

There softly sigh'd; O night of ecstasy!

When shall we meet again? Don Carlos then

Led Leonora forth.

Alon. Oh! Oh my heart!

[*He sinks into a chair.*]

Zan. Groan on, and with the sound refresh my soul!

'Tis thro' his heart, his knees smite one another.

'Tis thro' his brain, his eye-balls roll in anguish. [*Aside.*]

My lord, my lord, why do you rack my soul?

'Speak to me, let me know that you still live.'

Do not you know me, Sir? Pray look upon me;

You think too deeply. I'm your own Zanga,

So lov'd, so cherish'd, and so faithful to you, —

~~Why start you in such fury? Nay, my lord,~~

~~For heaven's sake sheath your sword! What can this~~

mean?

Fool

~~' Fool that I was to trust you with the secret,
' And unkind to break your word with me.
' O passion for a woman! on the ground
' Where is your boasted courage? Where your scorn?
' And prudent rage, that was to cure your grief,
' And chase your love-bred agonies away?~~
Rise, sir, for honour's sake. Why should the *Moors*,
Why should the vanquish'd, triumph?

Alon. ~~' Would to heaven~~

~~' That I were lower still!~~ *O* she was all!
My fame, my friendship, and my love of arms,
All stoop'd to her, my blood was her possession.
Deep in the secret foldings of my heart
She liv'd with life, and far the dearer she.
But ~~' and no more~~ set nature on a blaze,
' Give her a fit of jealousy away

To think on't is the torment of the dam'd,
And not to think on't it is impossible.
' How fair the cheek that first alarm'd my soul!
' How bright the eye that set it on a flame!
' How soft the breast on which I laid my peace
' For years to slumber, unawak'd by care!
' How fierce the transport! how sublime the bliss!
' How deep, how black the horror, and despair!'

Zan. You said you'd bear it like a man.

Alon. I do.

Am I not almost distracted?

Zan. Pray be calm.

Alon. As hurricanes: be thou assur'd of that.

Zan. Is this the wife *Alonzo*?

Alon. Villain, no!

' He died in the harbour, he was murder'd there;

' I am his daughter tho'—My wife! my wife!

Zin. Alas! he weeps.

Alon. Go, dig her grave.

Zin. My lord!

Alon. But that her blood's too hot, I would carouse it.

' Around my bridal board

Zan. And I would pledge thee.

[*Aside.*

Alon. But I may talk too fast. Pray let me think,

' And reason mildly.—Wedded and undone

' Before one night descends.—O hasty evil!

' What friend to comfort me in my extreme!

' Where's

Where's *Carlos*? Why is *Carlos* absent from me?
Does he know what has happen'd?

Zan. My good lord!

Alon. O depth of horrors! He! — my bosom
friend!

Zan. Alas! compose yourself, my lord.

Alon. To death!

Gaze on her with such eyes so ardently!

Give them the vultures, tear him all in pieces!

Zan. Most excellent! [Aside]

Alon. Hark! you can keep a secret.

In yonder harbour bound with jessamine —

Who's that! What villain's that? unhand her —
Murder!

Tear them asunder — Murder — How they grind.

My heart bewixt them! — O let go my heart!

Yet let it go — Embracing and embrac'd!

O pestilence! — Who let him in? A traitor..

[Goes to stab Zanga, he prevents him.]

Alas! my head turns round, and my limbs fail me.

Zan. My lord!

Alon. O villain, villain most accurs'd!

If thou didst know it, why didst let me wed?

Zan. Hear me, my lord, your anger will abate.

I knew it not, I saw them in the garden;

But saw no more than you might well expect

To see in lovers destin'd for each other.

By heaven I thought their meeting innocent.

Who could suspect fair *Leonora's* virtue?

'Till after proofs conspir'd to blacken it;

Sad proofs, which came too late, which broke not out,
(Eternal curses on *Avarez's* haste!)

'Till holy rites had made the wanton yours;

And then, I own, I labour'd to conceal it,

In duty and compassion to your peace.

Alon. Live now, be damn'd hereafter; for I want thee.

O night of ecstacy! — Ha! was't not so?

I will enjoy this murder — Let me think —

The jessamine bow'r, 'tis secret and remote;

Go wait me there, and take thy dagger with thee.

[Exit Zanga.]

How the sweet sound still rings within my ear!

When shall we meet again? — To-night in hell.

THE REVENGE.

41

As he is going, Enter Leonora.

Ha! I'm surpriz'd! I stagger at her charms!

~~O angel devil! Shall I stab her now?~~

~~No, it shall be as I at first determin'd:~~

~~To kill her now were half my vengeance lost.~~

~~Then must I now dissemble if I can.~~

Leon. My lord excuse me; see, a second time
I come in embassy from all your friends,
Whose joys are languid, uninspir'd by you.

Alon. This moment, *Leonora*, I was coming
To thee, and all - but sure, or I mistake,
Or thou canst well inspire my friends with joy.

Leon. Why sighs my lord?

Alon. I sigh'd not *Leonora*.

Leon. I thought you did; your sighs are mine, my
lord.

And I shall feel them all:

Alon. Dost flatter me?

Leon. If my regards for you are flattery,

Full far indeed I stretch'd the compliment.

In this day's solemn rite.

Alon. What rite?

Leon. You spoil me.

Alon. Indeed I do: my heart is full of mirth.

Leon. And so is mine - I look on cheerfulness,

As on the health of virtue.

Alon. Virtue! - Damp.

Leon. What says my lord?

Alon. Thou art exceeding fair.

Leon. Beauty alone is but of little worth;

But when the soul and body, of a piece,

Both shine alike, then they obtain a price,

And are a fit reward for gallant actions,

Heavens pay on earth for such great souls as yours;

If fair and innocent, I am your due.

Alon. Innocent!

[*Aside*]

Leon. How! my lord, I interrupt you.

Alon. No, my best life, I must not part with thee,

This hand is mine. Oh! what a hand is here?

So soft, souls sink into it, and are lost.

Leon. In tears, my lord?

Alon. What less can speak my joy?

I gaze

THE REVENGE.

I gaze, and forget my own existence;
 'Tis all a vision, my head swims in heav'n
 Wherefore? Oh! wherefore this expanse of beauty?
 And wherefore? Oh! —
 Why, I could gaze upon thy looks for ever
 And drink in all my being from thine eyes
 And I could snatch a flaming thunderbolt,
 And hurl destruction. —
 Leon. How, my lord, what mean you?
 Acquaint me with the secret of your heart
 Or send me out for ever from my sight.

Leon. You hardly you fright me.
 Is this the fondness of your nuptial hour?
 Why, when I woo your hand, is it denied me?
 Your very eyes, why are they taught to shun me?

Nay, my good lord, I have a little here,
 acquaint me with the secret of your heart.
 And I will have it. Am not I your wife?
 Have not I just authority to know
 That heart, which I have purchas'd with my own.
 Lay it before me, then; it is my due,
 Unkind Alonso! tho' I might demand it,
 Behold, I kneel! See, I kneel.
 And deign to be a beggar for her own!
 Tell me, my lord, I conjure you, tell me.
 First day,

Speak, then; I charge you. I speak; or I expire
 And load you with my death. My lord — my lord.

Alon. Ha! ha! ha! [He breaks from her, and
 she sinks upon the floor.

Leon. Are these the joys which fondly I conceiv'd?
 And is it thus a wedded life begins?
 What did I part with when I gave my heart?
 I know not that all happiness went with it.
 Why did I leave my tender father's home,
 And venture into love? The maid that loves
 Goes out to sea upon a shatter'd plank,
 And puts her trust in miracles for safety.
 Where shall I sigh? where pour out my complaints?
 He that should hear, should succour, should redress,

He is the source of all.

Alon. Go to thy chamber,
I soon will follow; that which now disturbs thee
Shall be clear'd up, and thou shalt not condemn me.

[*Ex. Leon.*]

Oh, how like innocence she looks! What stab her,
And rush into her blood? ——— 'I never can.
' ~~In her guilt shines, and nature holds my hand.~~
How then? Why thus—No more; it is determin'd.

Enter Zanga.

Zan. I fear his heart has fail'd him. She must die.
Can I not rouse the snake that's in his bosom,
To sting out human nature, and effect it? [*Aside.*]

Alon. I his vast and solid earth, that blazing sun,
Those skies thro' which it rolls, must all have end.
What then is man? the smallest part of nothing.
Day buries day, month month, and year the year.
Our life is but a chain of many deaths;
Can then death's self be fear'd? our life much rather.
Life is the desert, life the solitude;
Death joins us to the great majority:
'Tis to be borne to *Plato*, and to *Cæsar*;
'Tis to be great for ever;
'Tis pleasure, 'tis ambition, then, to die.

Zan. I think, my lord, you talk'd of death.

Alon. I did.

Zan. I give you joy, then *Leonora's* dead.

Alon. No, *Zanga*, no, the greatest guilt is mine.

'Tis mine, who might have mark'd his midnight visit,
Who might have mark'd his tameness to resign her,
Who might have mark'd her sudden turn of love:
These, and a thousand tokens more; and yet,
(For which the saints absolve my soul) ! did wed.

'*Zan.* Where does this tend?

'*Alon.* To shed a woman's blood

Would stain my sword, and make my wars inglorious

'But just repentment in myself bears in it

'A stamp of greatness above vulgar minds.

He who, superior to the checks of nature,
Dares make his life the victim of his reason,
Does, in some sort, that reason deify,
And take a flight at heaven.

Zan.

Zan. Alas! my lord,
 'Tis not your reason, but her beauty, finds
 Those arguments, and throws you on your sword.
 You cannot close an eye that is so bright,
 You cannot strike a breast that is so soft,
 That has ten thousand ecstasies in store—
 For *Carlos*?—No, my lord, I mean for you.

Alon. Oh! thro' my heart and marrow! Pr'ythee
 spare me:

No more upbraid the weakness of thy lord.
 I own, I tried, I quarrel'd with my heart,
 And push'd it on, and bid it give her death;
 But, oh! her eyes struck first, and murder'd me.

Zan. I know not what to answer to my lord.
 Men are but men; we did not make ourselves.
 Farewell then, my best lord, since you must die.
 O that I were to share your monument,
 And in eternal darkness close these eyes
 Against those scenes which I am doom'd to suffer!

Alon. What dost thou mean?

Zan. And is it then unknown?
 O grief of heart, to think that thou should ask it!
 Sure you distrust that ardent love I bear you,
 Else could you doubt when you are laid in dust—
 But it will cut my poor heart through and through,
 To see those revel on your sacred tomb,
 Who brought you thither by their lawless loves.
 For there they'll revel, and exult to find
 Him sleep so fast, who else might near their joys.

Alon. Distraction!—But, Don *Carlos*, well thou
 know'st

Is sheath'd in steel, and bent on other thoughts.

Zan. I'll work him to the murder of his friend;
 Yes, till the fever of his blood returns,
 While her last kiss still glows upon his cheek. [*Aside*]
 But when he finds *Alonzo* is no more,
 How will he rush like lightning to her arms!
 There sigh, there languish, there pour out his soul;
 But not in grief—~~for~~ ~~his~~ ~~obsequies to thee!~~
 But thou wilt be at peace, nor see, nor hear
 The burning kiss, the sigh of ecstasy,
 Their throbbing hearts that jostle one another:
 Thank heaven, these torments will be all my own.

Alon.

Alon. I'll ease thee of that pain. Let *Carlos* die,
O'ertake him on the road, and see it done.

'Tis my command.

[*Gives his signet.*]

Zan. I dare not disobey.

Alon. My *Zanga*, now I have thy leave to die.

Zan. Ah, sir! think, think again: Are all men buried
In *Carlos*' grave? You know not woman-kind.
When once the throbbing of the heart is broke
The modest zone, with which it first was tied,
Each man she meets will be a *Carlos* to her.

Alon. That thought has more of hell than had the
former.

Another, another, and another!

And each shall cast a smile upon my tomb.

I am convinc'd? I must not, will not die.

Zan. You cannot die; nor can you murder her.

What then remains? in nature no third way,

But to forget, and so to love again.

Alon. Oh!

Zan. If you forgive, the world will call you good;

If you forget, the world will call you wise;

If you receive her to your grace again,

The world will call you, *very, very, kind.*

Alon. *Zanga*, I understand thee well. She dies,

Tho' my arm trembles at the stroke. She dies.

Zan. That's truly great. What think you 'twas set up

The *Greek* and *Roman* name in such a lustre,

But doing right in stern despite to nature,

Shutting their ears to all her little cries,

When great, august, and god-like justice call'd?

At *Aulis* one pour'd out a daughter's life,

And gain'd more glory than by all his wars;

Another slew his sister in just rage;

A third, the theme of all succeeding times,

Gave to the cruel ax a darling son.

Nay, more, for justice some devote themselves,

As he at *Carthage*, an immortal name!

Yet there is one step left above 'em all,

Above their history, above their fable.

A wife, bride, mistress, unenjoy'd——do that,

And tread upon the *Greek* and *Roman* glory.

Alon. 'Tis done!——Again new transports fire my brain:

I had

I had forgot it; 'tis my bridal night.
 Friend, give me joy; we must be gay together;
 And when with garlands the full bowl is crown'd,
 And music gives the elevating sound,
 And golden carpets spread the sacred floor,
 And a new day the blazing tapers pour;
 Thou, *Zanga*, thou my solemn friends invite,
 From the dark realms of everlasting night;
 Call Vengeance, call the Furies, call Despair,
 And Death, our chief-invited guest, be there;
 He, with pale hand, shall lead the bride, and spread
 Eternal curtains round our nuptial bed. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. **O** Pityful! O terrible to fight!
 ' Poor mangled shade! all covered o'er with
 ' wounds,
 And so disguis'd with blood!—Who murder'd thee?
 Tell thy sad tale, and thou shalt be reveng'd.
 Ha! *Carlos*?—Horror! *Carlos*?—Oh, away!
 Go to the grave, or let me sink to mine.
 I cannot bear the sight—What sight?—Where am I?
 There's nothing here—If this was fancy's work,
 She draws a picture strongly.

Enter Zanga.

Zan. Ha!—You're pale.

Alon. Is *Carlos* murder'd?

Zan. I obey'd your order.

Six ruffians overtook him on the road;
 He fought as he was wont, and four he slew,
 Then sunk beneath an hundred wounds, to death,
 His last breath bless'd *Alonzo*, and desir'd
 His bones might rest near yours.

Alon. O *Zanga*! *Zanga*!

But I'll not think; for I must act, and thinking
 Would ruin me for action. ~~O the medley~~

~~'Of right and wrong! the chase of my brain!~~

~~He should, and should not die — You should obey,
And not obey —~~ It is a day of darkness,
Of contradictions, and of many deaths.

Where's *Leonora*, then? Quick, answer me:
I'm deep in horrors, I'll be deeper still.
I find thy artifice did take effect,
And she forgives my late deportment to her.

Zan. I told her, from your childhood, you was wont
On any great surprize, but chiefly then
When cause of sorrow bore it company,
To have your passion shake the seat of reason:
A momentary ill, which soon blew o'er.
Then did I tell her of *Don Carlos*' death,
(Wisely suppressing by what means he fell),
And laid the blame on that. At first she doubted;
But such the honest artifice I us'd,
And such her ardent wish it should be true,
That she, at length, was fully satisfied.

Alon. I was well me was. In our late interview
My passion so far threw me from my guard,
(Methinks 'tis strange!) that, conscious of her guilt,
She saw not, thro' its thin disguise, my heart.

Zan. But what design you, Sir, and how?

Alon. I'll tell thee.
Thus I've ordain'd it. In the jasmine bower,
The place which she dishonour'd with her guilt,
There will I meet her; the appointment's made;
And calmly spread (for I can do it now)
The blackness of her crime before her sight,
And then, with all the cool solemnity
Of public justice, give her to the grave. [Exit.

Zan. Why, get thee gone! horror and night go with thee!
Sisters of *Acheron*, go hand in hand,
Go, dance around the bower, and close them in;
And tell them that I sent you to salute them.
Profane the ground, and for th' ambrosial rose,
And breath of jasmine, let hemlock blacken,
And deadly nightshade poison all the air,
For the sweet nightingale may ravens croak,
Toads pant, and adders rustle thro' the leaves;
May serpents winding up the trees let fall
Their hissing necks upon them from above,
And mingle kisses—such as I should give them. [Exit.

SCENE,

SCENE, *the Bower.**Leonora sleeping. Enter Alonzo.*

Alon. YE amaranths! ye roses, like the morn!
Sweet myrtles, and ye golden orange groves!
Why do you smile? why do you look so fair?
Are ye not blasted as I enter in?

Yes, see how every flower sets fall its head!

How shudders every leaf without a wind!

How every green is as the ivy pale!

Did ever midnight ghosts assemble here?

Have these sweet echoes ever learnt to groan?

Joy-giving, love-inspiring, holy bower!

Know, in thy fragrant bosom thou receiv'st

A——murderer! [Oh! I shall stain thy lilies;

And horror will usurp the seat of bliss.

So *Lucifer* broke into paradise,

And soon damnation follow'd. [*He advances.*] Ah! she sleeps

The day's uncommon heat has overcome her.

Then take, my longing eyes, your last full gaze.

Oh, what a sight is here! how dreadful fair!

Who would not think that being innocent?

Where shall I strike? who strikes her, strikes himself!

My own life-blood will issue at her wound.

O my distracted heart!—O cruel heaven!

To give such charms as these, and then call man,

Mere man, to be your executioner.

Was it because it was too hard for you?

But see she smiles! I never shall smile more.

It strongly tempts me to a parting kiss.

[*Going, he starts back.*

Ha! smile again? She dreams of him she loves.

Curse on her charms! I'll stab her thro' them all.

[*As he is going to strike, she wakes.*

Leon. My lord, your stay was long, and yonder lull
Of falling waters tempted me to rest,
Dispirited with noon's excessive heat.

Alon. Ye powers! with what an eye she mends the day!
While they were clos'd I should have given the blow. [*Aside.*

O for

O for a last embrace! and then for justice:

Thus heaven and I shall both be satisfied!

Leon. What says my lord!

Alon. Why thus *Alonzo* says:

If love were endless, men were gods: 'tis that
Does counterbalance travail, danger, pain—

'Tis heaven's expedient to make mortals bear
The light, and cheat them of the peaceful grave.

Leon. Alas! my lord, why talk you of the grave?
Your friend is dead; in friendship you sustain
A mighty loss, repair it with my love.

Alon. Thy love? thou piece of witchcraft! I would
say,

Thou brightest angel! I could gaze for ever.

Where hadst thou this? Enchantress, tell me where;
Which with a touch works miracles, boils up
My blood to tumults, and turns round my brain:
Ev'n now thou swimm'st before me. I shall lose thee:
No, I will make thee sure, and clasp thee all.
Who turn'd this slender waist with so much art,
And shut perfection in so small a ring?
Who spread that pure expanse of white above,
On which the dazzled sight can find no rest;
But, drunk with beauty, wanders up and down
For ever, and for ever finds new charms?

But, O those eyes! those murderers! O whence,
Whence didst thou steal their burning orbs? from heaven?
Thou didst; and 'tis religion to adore them.

Leon. My best *Alonzo*, moderate your thoughts:
Extremes still fright me, tho' of love itself.

Alon. Extremes indeed! it hurried me away;
But I come home again—and now for justice—
And now for death—It is impossible—

~~Such were made by heaven, to guide us to sin,~~

~~On their guilt to laugh as punishment!~~

[*Aside.*

I leave her to just heaven. [*Drops the dagger, and goes off.*

Leon. Ha! a dagger!

~~What dost thou say, the minister of death?~~

~~What dost thou say, the minister of death? Let me think.~~

Enter Zanga.

Zan. Death to my tow'ring hopes! O fall from high!
My close long-labour'd scheme at once is blasted.

That dagger found will cause her to enquire;
 Enquiry will discover all; my hopes
 Of vengeance perish; I myself am lost—
 Curse on the coward's heart! wither his hand
 Which held the steel in vain!—What can be done?—
 Where can I fix?—that's something still—'twill breed
 Fell rage and bitterness betwixt their souls,
 Which may perchance grow up to greater evil:
 If not, 'tis all I can—It shall be so—

[Aside.]

Leon. O Zanga! I am sinking in my fears:

Alonzo dropt his dagger as he left me,

And left me in a strange disorder too.

What can this mean? Angels preserve his life!

Zan. Yours, madam, yours.

Leon. What, Zanga, dost thou say?

Zan. Carry your goodness then to such extremes,
 So blinded to the faults of him you love,
 That you perceive not he is jealous?

Leon. Heavens!

And yet a thousand things recur that swear it.

~~What villain could inspire him with that thought?~~

~~It is not of the growth of his own nature.~~

~~Zan. Some villain. Who, he knows; but he is jealous;~~

~~And 'tis most fit a heart so pure as yours~~

~~Do itself justice, and assert its honour,~~

~~And make him conscious of his stab to virtue.~~

Leon. Jealous! it sickens at my heart. Unkind,

Ungen'rous, groundless, weak, and insolent!

Why? wherefore? on what shadow of occasion?

~~'Tis fascination; the witch of the air!~~

~~For the collected crimes of this wretch.~~

Oh how the great man lessens to my thought!

How could so mean a vice as jealousy,

~~Unnatural, heinous, and unchristian,~~

~~Which would stain the noblest of mankind,~~

Live in a throng of such exalted virtues?

I scorn and hate, yet love him, and adore.

I cannot, will not, dare not think it true,

Till from himself I know it.

[Exit.]

Zan. This succeeds

Just to my wish. Now she with violence

Upbraids him. He, well knowing she is guilty,

Rages

THE REVENGE.

51

Rages no less; and if on either side
The waves run high, there still lives hope of ruin.

Enter Alonzo.

My lord.

Alon. O *Zanga*! hold thy peace, I am no coward;
But heaven itself did hold my hand; I felt it,
By the well being of my soul, I did.
I'll think of vengeance at another season.

Zan. My lord, her guilt—

Alon. Perdition on thee *Moor*
For that one word! ~~Al! do not rouse that thought,~~
~~I have o'erwhelm'd it much as possible:~~
~~'Away, thou, for a while of other things;~~
~~I tell thee, Moor,~~ I love her to distraction.
If 'tis my shame, why be it so—I love her;
'Nor can I help it; 'tis impos'd upon me
'By some superior and restless power.'
I could not hurt her to be lord of earth;
It shocks my nature like a stroke from heaven.
~~'Angels defend her, as if innocent'~~
But see, my *Leonora* comes: — Be gone. [*Ex. Zanga.*]

Enter Leonora.

O seen for ever, yet for ever new!
The conquer'd thou dost conquer o'er again,
Inflicting wound on wound.

Leon. Alas, my lord,
What need of this to me?

Alon. Ha! dost thou weep?

Leon. Have I no cause?

Alon. If love is thy concern

Thou hast no cause; none ever lov'd like me.

But wherfore this? Is it to break my heart
Which lo'es so much blood for every tear?

Leon. Is it so tender?

Alon. Is it not? O heaven!

Doubt of my love? Why, I am nothing else;

It quite absorbs me every other passion.

O that this one embrace would last for ever!

~~Leon. Could this man ever mean to marry?~~
~~Could this man ever live upon my life?~~

~~I will blot away the thought~~
See These tears declare how much I taste the joy
 Of being folded in your arms and heart;
 My universe does lie within that space.
 This dagger bore false witness.

[Aside]

Alon. Ha! my dagger?
 It rouses horrid images. Away,
 Away with it, and let us talk of love,
~~Plunge ourselves deep in the flames of love,~~
~~And hide us there from every other thought.~~

Leon. It touches you.

Alon. Let's talk of love.

Leon. Of death!

Alon. As thou lov'st happiness—

Leon. Of murder!

~~*Alon.* Ruff,~~

~~*Leon.* Woman, yet hear.~~

~~*Leon.* Apprehend!~~

Alon. Then must I fly for thy sake and my own.

Leon. Nay, by my injuries, you first must hear me:

~~*Alon.* What dost thou think I am?~~

~~*Alon.* Heavens strike me dead!~~

~~*Leon.* It will my doing you home.~~

~~*Alon.* Alas! thou quite mistak'st my cause of pain;~~

Alon. Yet, yet dismiss me; I am all in flames.

Leon. Who has most cause? you, or myself? What act
 Of my whole life encourag'd you to this?

Or of your own, what guilt has drawn it on you?

You find me kind, and think me kind to all;

The weak, ungen'rous error of your sex.

~~What could inspire the thought? We oft must judge~~

~~From our own hearts; and his your's then so frail,~~

~~It prompts you to conceive thus ill of me?~~

He that can stoop to harbour such a thought,

Deserves to find it true.

[Holding him.]

Alon. O sex, sex, sex!

[Turning on her.]

'The language of you all.' Ill fated woman!

Why hast thou forc'd me back into the gulph

Of agonies 'I had block'd up from thought?

~~I know the cause: thou saw'st me impotent~~

~~'Ere wilt to hurt thee, therefore thou turn'st on me:~~

~~'But, by the pang I suffer, to thy woe.'~~

For

For since thou hast re-plung'd me in my torture,
I will be satisfied.

Leon. Be satisfied!

Alon. Yes, thy own mouth shall witness it against thee:
I will be satisfied.

Leon. Of what?

Alon. Of what!

How dar'st thou ask that question? Woman, woman,
Weak, and assur'd at once; thus 'tis for ever.

Who told thee that thy virtue was suspected?

Who told thee I design'd upon thy life?

You found the dagger; but that could not speak;

Nor did I tell thee; who did tell thee then?

Guilt, conscious guilt!

Leon. This to my face? O heaven!

Alon. This to thy very soul.

Leon. Thou'rt not in earnest?

Alon. Serious as death.

Leon. Then heaven have mercy on thee.

Till now I struggled not to think it true;

I fought conviction, and would not believe it;

And dost thou force me? This shall not be borne;

Thou shalt repent this insult.

Alon. Madam, stay.

Your passion's wife, 'tis a disguise for guilt;

'Tis my turn now to fix you here awhile;

You and your thousand arts shall not escape me.

Leon. Arts?

Alon. Arts. Confess; for death is in my hand.

Leon. 'Tis in your words.

Alon. Confess, confess, confess!

Nor tear my veins with passion to compel thee.

Leon. I scorn to answer thee, presumptuous man!

Alon. Deny then, and incur a fouler shame.

Where did I find this picture?

Leon. Ha! Don Carlos?

By my best hopes, more welcome than thy own.

Alon. I know it; but is vice so very rank,

That thou should'st dare to dash it in my face?

Nature is sick of thee, abandon'd woman!

Leon. Repent.

Alon. Is that for me?

Leon. Fall, ask my pardon.

Alon. Astonishment!

Leon. Dar'st thou persist to think I am dishonest?

Alon. I know thee so.

Leon. This blow then to thy heart——

[She stabs herself, he endeavours to prevent her.]

Alon. Hoa! Zanga! Isabella! Hoa! she bleeds!

Descend, ye blessed angels, to assist her!

Leon. This is the only way that I would wound thee,
Tho' most unjust. Now think me guilty still.

Enter Isabella.

Alon. Bear her to instant help. The world to save her.

Leon. Unhappy man! well may'st thou gaze and tremble;

~~But I am not a man to be so easily moved;
Not on my knees, but on my sword, I stand;
What should I care for life, if I but live
With a heart that is not so easily won;
Should I live in shame,
Or stoop to any other means but this
To assert my virtue? No; she who disputes
Admits it possible she might be guilty.
What though she touch could be so indignant,
What though she touch could be so indignant,
What though she touch could be so indignant,~~

But now, I let thy rashness know, the wound
Which least I feel, is that my dagger made.

[Isabella leads out Leonora.]

Alon. Ha! was this woman guilty?—and if not—

How my thought darkens that way! Grant, kind heaven,
That she prove guilty, or give being end.

Is that my hope, then?—Sure the sacred dust
Of her that bore me trembles in its urn.

Is it in man the sore distress to bear,
When hope itself is blacken'd to despair,

When all the bliss I pant for, is to gain

In hell a refuge from severer pain?

[Exit Alonzo.]

Enter Zanga.

Zan. How stands the great account 'twixt me and vengeance?

Tho' much is paid, yet still it owes me much,
And I will not abate a single groan.—

Ha!

Ha! that were well—but that were fatal too—
 Why, be it so—Revenge so truly great
 Would come too cheap, if bought with less than life.
 Come, death; come, hell, then; 'tis resolv'd, 'tis done.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ah! *Zanga*, see me tremble! Has not yet
 Thy cruel heart its fill?—Poor *Leonora*—

Zan. Welters in blood, and gasps for her last breath.
 What then? We all must die.

Isab. *Alonzo* raves,
 And in the tempest of his grief has thrice
 Attempted on his life. At length disarm'd,
 He calls his friends that save him his worst foes,
 And importunes the skies for swift perdition,
 Thus in his storm of sorrow. After pause
 He started up, and call'd aloud for *Zanga*,
 For *Zanga* rav'd; and see, he seeks you here,
 To learn the truth which most he dreads to know.

Zan. Be gone. Now, now, my soul, consummate all.

[*Exit Isabella*]

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. O *Zanga*!

Zan. Do not tremble so; but speak.

Alon. I dare not.

[*Falls on him.*]

Zan. You will drown me with your tears.

Alon. Have I not cause?

Zan. As yet you have no cause.

Alon. Dost thou too rave?

Zan. Your anguish is to come:
 You much have been abus'd.

Alon. Abus'd! by whom?

Zan. To know were little comfort.

Alon. O 'twere much!

Zan. Indeed!

Alon. By heaven! O give him to my fury!

Zan. Born for your use, I live but to oblige you.
 Know then, 'twas—I.

Alon. Am I awake?

Zan. For ever.

Thy wife is guiltless, that's one transport to me;
 And I, I let thee know it, that's another.

I ur...

I urged Don Carlos to resign his mistress,
I forg'd the letter, I dispos'd the picture;
I hated, I despis'd, and I destroy.

Alon. Oh!

[Swears.

Zan. Why this is well——why this is blow for blow.
Where are you? Crown me, shadow me with laurels,
Ye spirits which delight in just revenge!
Let Europe and her pallid sons go weep;
Let Africk and her hundred thrones rejoice:
O my dear countrymen, look down and see
How I bestride your prostrate conqueror!
I tread on haughty Spain, and all her kings.
But this is mercy, this is my indulgence,
'Tis peace, 'tis refuge from my indignation.
I must awake him into horrors. Ho!

Alonzo, ho! the Moor is at the gate;

Awake, invincible, omnipotent!

Thou who dost all subdue.

Alon. Inhuman slave!

Zan. Fall'n christian, thou mistak'st my character.
Look on me. Who am I? I know, thou say'st
The Moor, a slave, an abject beaten slave;
(Eternal woes to him that made me so!)
But look again. Has six years cruel bondage
Extinguish'd majesty so far, that nought
Shines here to give an awe to one above thee?
When the great Moorish king Abdalla fell,
Fell by thy hand accurs'd, I fought fast by him,
His son, tho', thro' his fondness, in disguise,
Less to expose me to th' ambitious foe.
Ha! does it wake thee! O'er my father's corse
I stood astride till I had clove thy crest,
And then was made the captive of a squadron,
And sunk into thy servant——But oh! what,
What were my wages? Hear not heaven, nor earth!
My wages were a blow, by heaven, a blow,
And from a mortal hand.

Alon. O villain! villain!

Zan. All strife is vain.

[Shewing a dagger.

Alon. Is thus my love return'd?

Is this my recompence? Make friends of tigers!
Lay not your young, O mothers, on the breast,
For fear they turn to serpents as they lie,

And

And pay you for their nourishment with death !

Carlos is dead, and *Leonora* dying !,

Both innocent, both murder'd, both by me.

That heavenly maid which should have liv'd for ever
At least have gently slept her soul away ;
Whose life should have shut up as ev'ning flow'rs
At the departing sun—was murder'd! murder'd!

O shame ! O guilt ! O horror ! O remorse !

O punishment ! Had Satan never fell,

Hell had been made for me——O *Leonora* !

Zan. Must I despise thee too, as well as hate thee ?—

Complain of grief, complain thou art a man.

Priam from fortune's lofty summit fell,

Great *Alexander* 'midst his conquests mourn'd ;

Heroes and demi-gods have known their sorrows ;

Cæsars have wept, and I have had my blow :

But 'tis reveng'd, and now my work is done.

Yet, ere I fall, be it one part of vengeance

To make thee to confess that I am just.

Thou seest a prince, whose father thou hast slain,

Whose native country thou hast laid in blood,

Whose sacred person (oh !) thou hast profan'd,

Whose reign extinguish'd : what was left to me

So highly born ? No kingdom, but revenge !

No torture, but thy tortures and thy groans.

If men should ask who brought thee to thy end,

Tell them the *Moor*, and they will not despise thee.

If cold white mortals censure this great deed,

Warn them, they judge not of superior beings,

Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,

With whom revenge is virtue. Fare thee well——

Now fully satisfied I should take leave :

But one thing grieves me, since thy death is near,

I leave thee my example how to die.

As he is going to stab himself Alonzo rushes upon him to prevent him. In the mean time, enter Alvarez attended. They disarm and seize Zanga. Alonzo puts the dagger in his bosom.

Alon. No, monster, thou shalt not escape by death.
O father!

Alv. O *Alonzo* !——*Isabella*,

Touch'd with remorse to see her mistress' pangs,

Told all the dreadful tale.

Alon.

Alon. What groan was that?

Zan. As I have been a vulture to thy heart,
So will I be a raven to thine ear,
And true as ever snuff'd the scent of blood,
As ever flap its heavy wing against
The window of the sick, and croak'd despair.
Thy wife is dead.

[*Alvarez goes to the side of the stage, and returns.*]

Alv. The dreadful news is true.

Alon. Prepare the rack, invent new torments for him.

Zan. This too is well. The fix'd and noble mind
Turns all occurrence to its own advantage;
And I'll make vengeance of calamity.
Were I not thus reduc'd, thou would'st not know,
That, thus reduc'd, I dare defy thee still.
Torture thou may'st, but thou shalt ne'er despise me.
The blood will follow where the knife is driven,
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,
And sighs and cries by nature grow on pain.
But these are foreign to the soul; not mine
The groans that issue, or the tears that fall;
They disobey me; on the rack I scorn thee,
As when my faulchion clove thy helm in battle.

Alv. Peace, villain!

Zan. While I live, old man, I'll speak,
And well I know thou dar'st not kill me yet;
For that would rob thy blood hounds of their prey.

Alon. Who call'd Alonzo?

Alv. No one call'd, my son.

Alon. Again! — 'tis *Carlos*' voice, and I obey.
O how I laugh at all that this can do! [*Shewing the dagger.*]
The wounds that pain'd, the wounds that murder'd me,
Were giv'n before; I am already dead;
This only marks my body for the grave. [*Stabs himself.*]

Africk, thou art reveng'd — O *Leonora*! — [*Dies.*]

Zan. Good ruffians, give me leave, my blood is yours,
The wheel prepar'd, and you shall have it all;
Let me but look one moment on the dead,
And pay yourselves with gazing on my pangs.

[*He goes to Alonzo's body.*]

Is this *Alonzo*? where's the haughty mien?
Is that the hand which smote me? Heavens, how pale!
And art thou dead? so is my enmity.

I war not with the dust: the great, the proud,
The conqueror of *Africk* was my foe.

A lion preys not upon carcases.

This was thy only method to subdue me.

Terror and doubt fall on me; all thy good

Now blazes, all thy guilt is in the grave.

Never had man such funeral applause;

If I lament thee, sure thy worth was great.

O vengeance! I have follow'd thee too far,

And to receive me, hell blows all her fires.

[*He is borne off.*]

Alv. Dreadful effect of jealousy! a rage

In which the wise with caution will engage;

Reluctant long, and tardy to believe,

Where sway'd by nature we ourselves deceive,

Where our own folly joins the villain's art,

And each man finds a *Zanga* in his heart.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

E P I L O G U E.

*O*UR Author sent me, in an humble strain,
 To beg you'd bless the offspring of his brain;
 And I, your Proxy, promis'd, in your name,
 The Child should live, at least six days of fame:
 I like the brat, but still his faults can find,
 And, by the Parent's leave, will speak my mind.
 Gallants, pray tell me, do you think 'twas well,
 To let a willing Maid lead Apes in Hell?
 You nicer Ladies, should you think it right,
 To eat no supper——on your wedding night?
 Should English Husbands dare to starve their Wives,
 Be sure they'd lead most comfortable lives!
 But he loves mischief, and, with groundless fears,
 Would fain set loving Couples by the ears;
 Would spoil the tender Husbands of our nation,
 By teaching them his vile, outlandish fashion:
 But we've been taught, in our good-natur'd clime,
 That Jealousy, tho' just, is still a crime;
 And will be still, for (not to blame the Plot)
 The same Alonzo was a stupid Sot;
 To kill a Bride, a Mistress unenjoy'd,—
 'Twere some excuse had the poor man been cloy'd:
 To kill her on suspicion, ere he knew
 Whether the heinous crime was false, or true.——
 The priest said grace, she met him in the bow'r,
 In hopes she might anticipate an hour——
 Love was her errand, but the hot-brain'd Spaniard,
 Instead of love—produc'd—a filthy poniard—
 Had he been wise, at this their private meeting,
 The proof of the pudding had been in the eating;
 Madam had then been pleas'd, and Don contented,
 And all this blood and murder been prevented.
 Britons, be wise, and from this sad example
 Ne'er break a Bargain, but first take a Sample.

F I N I S.